Frederick Brokaw
1868 - 1891
It Could Happen to YOU!

Email Hoaxes that Swindle, Maim, and Kill

BY LOUISA ALEXANDER

In a world filled with spam and email hoaxes, it’s difficult to know whom to believe. Is the Nigerian Prince really going to share his diamonds with you? Will Bill Gates give each of us $200 if we send him our worn panties? Did that three-year-old kid really die of wounds inflicted by rattlesnakes living in a McDonald’s playground? In all probability, yes, yes, and yes. But there are plenty of ludicrous stories floating around the internet these days. So, in an effort to preserve your dignity and your wallets, I have compiled a list of hoaxes that are just waiting to attack your inboxes. No one has come up with them yet, but you can bet they will soon! Be on the lookout for these yet-to-be-conceived-of pranks and swindles:

“Obviously Made Up By a 13-Year-Old Boy” Hoax: TOTALLY IMPORTANT! PASS THIS ON TO EVERY-1 U KNOW!!

“Free Meat” Hoax

“Free Meat” Hoax Because of recent competition from Outback Steakhouse and a steep loss in business, Longhorn Steakhouse has devised a test to find out who their most loyal customers are. If you forward this email to ten of your friends, you will receive a FREE rack of babyback ribs!! Longhorn Steakhouse will be tracking each and every one of the tens of thousands of copies of this email with their special beta meat-tracking device, so pass it on and get your free slab of beefy goodness! This is not a lie at all, I am just telling you because I, too, love meat. I just got my ribs in my mailbox yesterday, so make sure you get yours too!

“Obviously Trying to Steal Your Identity” Hoax: Want to make more money FAST?? Just send a check for $20, along with your full name, credit card, birth certificate, passport, social security card, email passwords, bank statement and ATM pin, car keys, precious antiques and valuables, porn collections, and children to the following address:

Seymour Butts
Make Money Institute, Inc.
New York, NY 10101

“Screen saver That Kills” Hoax

If you haven’t heard about it yet from various news sources, the Homicidal Maniacs of America have formed a union and are trying to destroy the environment! Their agenda is clear: after they have successfully garnered support in Congress (which they are lobbying for right now), they will slaughter your children while draining swamps and cutting down redwood forests. This would be devastating, so please sign this list! If you are the 50th person on the list, copy and paste it into an email and send it to Bono. Tell him that you and the 49 other unidentifiable and unrelated people on your list disagree with the HMoA!

1. Pope Boniface II, Vatican, Rome
2. Sheikh Zayed, Abu Dhabi
3. Wanda Girdle, Canada

Questions or comments?
Email usg@princeton.edu
Verbatim

Overheard at On the Boarder down Route 1:
"I can't hate gay people. I listen to hard house."

Overheard at the CJL Barbecue from Student waving Israeli flag:
"There are a ton of hot Christian girls here!"

Overheard from a Mormon, after drinking third alcoholic drink...ever:
"I don't think anything else will fit into me!"

Overheard in Spelman during an ethical conversation about when life begins:
Guy #1: "A six month old fetus outside of the womb is not alive."
Guy #2: "Well, a person with down-syndrome without assistance would not be alive."
Guy #3: "That's why I argue that we should eat the retard's."

Seen on a placard in Mathey Dining Hall:
"Nut Allergy Warning: This cookie, also known as 'The Coconut Cookie,' contains nuts."

Overheard in Scully:
Senior Girl #1: "Dude, I might have to end up taking your father to Houseparties with me."
Senior Girl #2: "Sounds like a plan. Although you'd have to be up for some pork-o-rama."

Overheard on the phone:
"I can't talk for long. I'm polishing my stereo."

Indulge in some pork-o-rama. Submit verbatim to nweekly@princeton.edu.

Dr. Fu, OBGYN

Ladies, in the past you might have thought of seeking a "reputable" or "legally certified" doctor for your vaginal vexations. But there's only one man of the trade with the magic touch your love box requires and desires. Let Dr. Fu be your Vagina Man-o-Log. When the yeast is a-rockin', Fu's already a-knockin'. U-CALL OBGYNFU, where the FU is "For You."

Corrections

Many concerned citizens and members of the clergy described the part of the body shown in last week's Editor's Box (the taint) as "genitals," "genitalia," or "a genital area." In fact, the very existence of the taint is predicated on the fact that it is not genitalia. It is merely useless and transcendentally repulsive. The Nassau Weekly deeply regrets these clergymen and citizens.

In last week's article "I Have Gazed into the Face of Ultimate Madness," we incorrectly quoted Professor Alpheus Pabodie as having said, "The tomb, Carter, the tomb...those things...their eyes, Carter! Burn all the notebooks—and burn that hideous, Cyclopean statue!!" In fact, the Professor had plunged so far into the black night of insanity that even to read his words was to know the true, hideously indifferent intelligence of the Things which live beyond the walls of space and time. The Nassau Weekly sincerely regrets any inconvenience caused by the printing of his blasphemous narrative.

In last week's article "Super Mecha Tenchu Robot War-Battle 12: Culture at the Crossroads" we incorrectly reported that Giganitar's ultimate weapon is the Dragon Spirit Soul Razor Disentegrator Beam. Giganitar's ultimate weapon is the Vibrating Molten Stork Fist; the DSSRDB is, in fact, Destructinator's ultimate weapon. The Nassau Weekly deeply regrets this error. We also regret allowing General Ryuji and his cadre of power-crazed fanatics to gain access to the Crystoid Defense Nexus. We can only hope that the good Transformazoids will come to our rescue.
Flavor Is Palatable

The Experience of Ethnic Dining Brought to Campus

BY LINDSAY BRILLSON

At three o’clock in the morning, last Wednesday night, I received an email from the editors of the Nassau Weekly, asking me to review the Flavor Club’s inaugural event. Having written a theatrical review two weeks earlier, I hastily deemed myself qualified and agreed to perform the requested task. Unfortunately, however, upon the sending of my response, I came to the troubling realization that I had no idea what I was being asked to do. What was the Flavor Club? I wondered, and how exactly does one review an “inaugural event”? The Nass seemed to know even less than I did. The most specific piece of advice I was given was, “uh, go to the event and...review it?”

So, equipped with pen, paper, and a complete sense of ignorance, I set out the next day at 6:30 PM for the former Third World Center. Upon my arrival, I was greeted by Alex Toledano, one of the three founding members of the Flavor Club, and the man in charge of collecting money and turning pesky freeloaders away from the door. To the chagrin of many paying participants, Alex led me to a red table-clothed table, set with plastic cutlery, to enjoy a complimentary ethnic meal. That night’s dinner, he explained, was being catered by Passage to India, an Indian restaurant located at 2495 Route 1 South. He further announced that Amit Kapadia, the owner of the restaurant, was going to speak before the meal about traditional Indian cuisine.

The Flavor Club, Alex expounded, was originally a group of three friends, himself, Jennifer Pan, and Ellie Harrison, who liked ethnic food and wanted to explore more unusual cuisine. Their experiences were so successful that they wished to extend the opportunity for palatable learning to the rest of the Princeton community. Hence, they organized this event. For only $6.00, the Princeton student was able to enjoy an authentic Indian meal, with the benefit of an informal lecture to complement their understanding of the food. As Alex put it, “This is unlike any other event. It’s not a performance with food on the side, it’s an event about food. We thought this would be a good way to get a really diverse group of students to experience another culture.”

At that, Alex left me in order to attend to some students who seemed to be irate over the disappearance of the Chai Iced Tea. Left alone at a large table, I made the proverbial attempt to look cool through acting very busy. I read through a printed information sheet on Indian food, made some strategically placed pen marks, and having exhausted the entertainment possibilities of the floral centerpiece, I finally got up to talk to Mr. Kapadia.

I found him standing in front of some strategically placed newspaper reviews of his restaurant, meticulously pouring twelve different spices into bowls and labeling them one by one. Excited by the prospect of a willing listener, Mr. Kapadia proceeded to tell me that this was only a limited representation of the thirty-some spices that are normally used in Indian Cuisine. I then made the mistake of actually sampling one of the more interesting looking spices, and had to frantically excuse myself in order to scrape my tongue off.

I began to regain feeling in my mouth as the fifty student and professorial participants settled into their seats. At this point, Mr. Kapadia began his formal lecture on the staples of different regional Indian food. Unfortunately, as it was 7:30 PM, his audience was distracted by hunger, and was paying far more attention to the heated regional flavors. I can only complain that that the food that can only be likened to that of the 10:00 PM residential college study break. I grabbed my plate in kind and partook of the nine different dishes. It was the obvious attempt of the event’s organizers to present the dinners with Indian food that is more typical of the native people, rather than with highly Americanized food. The result was an interesting mix of several different regional flavors. I can only complain that that the ratio of solid to liquid food seemed off. I felt as though I should have been provided with a straw, rather than a fork.

Overall, given the Flavor Club’s goals for a diverse, ethnic, and educational dining experience, their inaugural event was a success. Most everyone left the evening with a full stomach, a somewhat enhanced understanding of India’s cuisine, and an increased enthusiasm for Princeton’s new ethnic food club. Co-founder Jennifer Pan expressed regret over not being able to allow more students to participate, but stated the club’s intent to have another, larger event before the end of the semester.

On the other hand, the event with a still-cloudy idea of what I was going to write about, but with the definite desire to procure another “ethnic dining experience” from the Flavor Club.

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April 25, 2002 | 5
The Place of the Idea

by David H. Turner

covered care what the frisking is on the front wall. It's really more about the text that is on that little piece of paper that is in the middle of the wall.

The Place of the Idea

by David H. Turner

covered care what the frisking is on the front wall. It's really more about the text that is on that little piece of paper that is in the middle of the wall.
"It reminds me of Spiderman.

Rascal

From Fragments from the Happening.

BY JOEL SPITALNIK AND ARI SAMSKY

Each subject emerged from the chair, no longer a Princeton student, but a glowing shag. His innumerable unassumingly mop of hair and vigorously comb it up to the sky, surveying it like a huge block of stone. He attacked each one from a different angle sculpting the hair to the limits of its potential. When it was finally my turn, Grant meticulously cut each one of the hairs two blocks of stone individually with a scissor. His cuts came with a level of devotion, unparalleled in the world of hair.

As I left the "hair salon" amidst cheers, my associate Alex informed me that the body art had already begun in the dining room. I dashed off to the scene, where seven or eight young students had stripped to their underwear. Rascal had already painted their bodies with tribal designs. They danced to the beat of eighties new wave, as Rascal continued painting a huge mural behind them. Rascal, best known for his swath art and oil paintings, attacked the expanded canvas with the energy of the Detroit Piston's Ben Wallace in his crushing playoff battle against the Raptors. Rascal depicted the conversations, dancing, and general craziness of the room in vibrant purples, blues, and greens.

Someone must have slipped something in my fourth cosmeti- tan, because before long Rascal's painting and the scald clad dancer's merged into an throbbing entity. Unable to choose be- between their dancings, I began painting or- gies. I stumbled upstairs, cleared the clothing shelf of the comfy periwinkle couch and dreamed of the sweet melodies of the Polyphonesean metal bands. Next year, I'll drink more Red Bull.

Joel Spitalnik

A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu

A s in life, all these sections should begin and end with ellipses. I will leave their presence (which is, of course, also an absence, a wink, and a tick) to the reader's imagination.

Joel, David Turner and I (we are later joined by Ed Finn) are on the dance floor, waiting for Rascal to start painting. David wants to start a band called Wealth of Nations (and, as I write this article, I get a call from someone named Carter who wants to know my dinner plans. It is a wrong number). He has plans going by the name "Invisible Hand," "Division of Labor," and several others.

I go to photograph Rascal as he begins painting. Ed Finn accuses me of doing great violence so as by attempting to document it. We both slip into Pepe LePeu French accents. I propose by arguing that my documentation is actually helping to re- generate of photography and renewing the cycle of art. Ed remarks that we are surrounded by lies.

I am sitting in the haircut room with a plate of food, including at different times Anne Braveman, Kristina Witt, Greg Gaul, Dave Morris, Natalie Walker, Phil Davidson, Russ Gold- man, Alex Rosenfeld, and probably many others who will have this article like nameless ghosts, killed by a number of sour apple martinis. We have come across a system of ethical questions which I will summarize and reprint below.

1. In a situation in which both parties are clearly ahead, would you give David Bowie a hand job?
2. You are sitting in between God and David Bowie. You have the opportunity to give one, both, or neither a hand job. Which option do you for go for?
3. Suppose: A: Does God need or want a hand job? Would any hand job you gave God necessarily be the worst hand job He has ever received?

Subsections: 1. What are God's genitals like?
Are they a huge penis with a vagina on it, a huge vagina with a penis emerging from it, some combination of the two, or do they transcend the whole dualism of penises and vaginas?

2. You and your signifi- cants: A or B, or both?
3. You and your signifi- cants: A or B, or both?

At the time the questions seemed incredibly meaningful, but now they seem even more vitally important.

Anyway, Adam Gitlin arrives at the table with a great number of other people. We are waiting for our haircuts. Joel is number 10 and I am number 11, so coincidentally my lucky number.

I attended Montessori school (in writing this sentence, I spelled "Montessori" correctly and "Montessori" astonishingly badly) from first through third grade. In fact, I re- peated the third grade year, although I don't remember noticing at the time.

Anyway, quite a few of us had been at the school for four years. We had an informal assembly to honor these students, and as was the custom we sat in a large ring on the floor. Our teachers, Mrs. Morse and Ms. Portnoy, called each four-year student up and present them with a brown construction paper scroll congratu- lating him or her on long tenure at the school. I eagerly noted that I was called eleventh, and decided then (it must have been 1990) that it was my lucky number. I don't often think of the story, but I recalled it frequently during the Happening.

Anyway, Adam Gitlin arrives at the table and Joel offers to fix his cell phone. Adam hands over the phone, and Joel, Julia and I attempt to figure out an artistic and hilarious message to leave in the phone's text message. I suggested, "Adam, learn to drive!" and "Adam Gitlin smells like hamsters." Joel settled on, "Adam Gitlin is dead!" and a constant reminder which says only, "hamsters."

-Ari Samsky

ART

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April 25, 2002

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**THIS WEEK AT WWS**

April 29, 4:30 p.m. "The Challenge of Nuclear Nonproliferation After September 11." George Perkovich, Senior Associate, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; author of India’s Nuclear Bomb. Sponsored by Woodrow Wilson School/ISLES, Dodds Auditorium, Robertson Hall.


May 1, 4:30 p.m. "Regionalism as a Tool for Economic Growth and Social Justice." Myron Orfield, Executive Director of the Metropolitan Area Research Corporation. Sponsored by Woodrow Wilson School/ISLES, Dodds Auditorium, Robertson Hall.

May 2, 4:30 p.m. "Shaping the Debate: Can Progressives Get Back in the Game?" Richard C. Leone, MPA '85, Ph.D. '89, President, Century Foundation. Sponsored by Woodrow Wilson School/Bel 2, Robertson Hall.
Armadillos in Their Trousers

Review: Rye Coalition

BY ART ANDREWS

They sounded like Zeppelin. AC/DC. Thin Lizzy. And they rocked harder than anything I have ever heard before.

On Top is the most refreshing new record I’ve heard in months. How can an album with such obvious nods to the past be “refreshing,” you ask? Well, I could say that behind its blinding audacity are great songs and fiery performances, but in truth, I have no idea how they pull it off. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that this band is from fucking Jersey City.

Rye Coalition have a singular purpose here, and that is to rock. Everything good about classic rock, 80s hard rock, and 90s punk rock has been absorbed. The boisterous riffs and stunning bravado are tied up neatly with a punk rock sense of economy. And the best part of all this? They know that it’s totally ridiculous. If this album was made by some dorky longhairs with Pink Floyd t-shirts and bad acne I would still love it. Instead, it’s made by Rye Coalition, with their tongues in their cheeks and armadillos in their trousers. Rock and roll.

First Time Contributor Art Andrews has a single purpose here, and that is to rock.
The Weekend Page

5/9 of the page, 5/9 the saline...

No room for long-winded anecdote lacking purpose. Only this: Last night, driving back from CVS, since the car was facing away from campus and the street was (nearly) deserted, my roommate “flipped a bitch”; that’s Wyo-speak for “making a U-turn in the middle of the street”. The cop that pulled us over explained that, not only were we the first people he’d pulled over for this infraction, but we were the first people he’s ever pulled over. He didn’t know what the registration looked like. Or a fake ID. We explained to him that we didn’t see any signs indicating that Nassau St. has a no U-turn policy, so he let us off with a ticket for “failing to obey signs”. He revoked that one when I said, “Hey- you’re early, and you brought the car. Does that mean we have to pay extra?” He asked, “For what?” I said, “Well, aren’t you that sexy cop stripe who ordered me for my friend’s birthday?”—here, follow me to the room."

Thursday, April 25 7:30 p.m. Latin American studies films. Cristina Ibarra: “Dirty Laundry: A Homemade Telenova”; and Barbet Schroeder: “La Virgen de Los Sicarios.” 101 McCormick. The crew from “Passions” packs up the set of their classy daytime teen soap opera, relocating from Harmony, USA to Theresa, Luis, and Miguel’s hometown of Chiaпас, Mexico. Instead of living with their mother, Pilar and the evil Crane family, the three actors are taken in by my roommate’s mother, Lupita. I will now demonstrate the conflict of the newly improved show through an excerpt of an e-mail from my roommate’s mom: “I am watching Oprah’s (sic) program and it is about people chanting and meeting people over the internet. DAD: GEROUS VERY DANGEROUS. IT WILL RUIN YOUR LIFE FOREVER. Very bad experiences.” Theresa would scream, “but MOM, Ethan and I talk on IM. We HAVE to have cyber-sex! It’s the only way I can please him so he doesn’t fall back into the clutches of Gwen Hotchkiss.” 8 p.m. French and Italian film. Mweze Nganguusa: “Pieces d’Identite.” Stewart Film Theater, 185 Nassau St. Not Mweze the hoy, Mweze the warrior. He’ll be happy to go back to the Plains people and hunt the purple buffalo. Pieces d’identite is French for “I need to buy a couple vowels for my name in order to lose that boyish “glow”. The plethora of consonants confuses viewers and causes friends and foes alike to refer to him as “Crazy Mweze”. Little do they know that a) the pronunciation is WAY off and b) G’mork ate all the purple buffalo.

4:30 p.m. Health and well-being/Woodrow Wilson School lecture. Why Has Health Improved? David Cutler, Harvard University. 300 Wallace. I learned this shit (pardon following pun) in 8th grade Latin class. After using the toilet, Romans would wipe themselves using sponges on sticks. The sewers passing underneath the baths— the last step of water from the aqueducts—would wash their waste to the river. No health concerns regarding that practice. I suppose anything would be an improvement… Except in dining establishments that don’t pass health inspections, such as the Shit Café (www.shicafe.com). Go there; lose your soul. And your dignity. And your lunch.

Friday, April 26 7:30 p.m. Latin American studies films. Marco Orsini: “Little Faggot Jesus”; and Marcelo Piharov: “Planta Quemada.” 101 McCormick. They must have read my last Weekend Page. 4 p.m. Psychology colloquium. “Identity and Performance: How Momentary Self-Definitions Influence Task Performance and Vice Versa.” Galen Bodenhausen, Northwestern University. Langford Lounge, Green. As a purely experimental endeavor, I decided assume the identity of my momentary and eternally funny superhero, “Palindrome Person”, in writing this memoir. And it’s Working! Until then, my job here is to have cyber-sex! It’s the only way I can please him so he doesn’t fall back into the clutches of Gwen Hotchkiss."


Notices:

NOTICE: PRESIDENT TILGHMAN’S OFFICE HOURS

President Tilghman will hold office hours as indicated in the following table in One Nassau Hall on the dates listed below. Office Hours will end promptly at the indicated time. Please check the notice weekly in The Nassau Weekly or the President’s Office Hours web page at http://web.princeton.edu/pusites/1Nassau/princeton/oficehrs.html for any changes in office hours as they are subject to change.

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contact jchiurco@...
Counting to Foer

Observations on the $500,000 Thesis

CHRIS BEHA

In “The Proximity of Brad to Bradford,” a recent essay in the Review of Contemporary Fiction, Jonathan Safran Foer writes:

“It is necessary, when referring to a book, to distinguish between its writer and its author. The writer is the person who actually composes the text. He has various intentions when creating it and understandings of it once it is complete… The author is the postulated figure we refer to when trying to understand the book that the writer wrote; he is the writer as we would have him be… He is ideal.

With this distinction—something of a truth universally acknowledged in literature these days—in mind, it is tempting, when reading the new novel Everything is Illuminated, to try to count to Foer. There is Jonathan Safran Foer, a member of the Princeton class of ’99 and the writer of the novel, which begins as his senior thesis project. Then there is J. S. F., the idealized author of one of the more talked about recent literary debuts. Additionally, J. S. F. is one of the main characters in the novel. Matters get more complicated when we consider that this last Foer is but another character in the novel and the fictional author of half of the chapters, J. S. F. and J. S. F., respectively. All of which might amount to nothing more than self-referential, postmodern posturing were it not for the fact that one of the central concerns of Everything is Illuminated is the considerable distance between our real selves and the versions of ourselves we try to create by telling stories.

The story goes as follows. Jonathan Safran Foer, aspiring writer, travels to the Ukraine to find the woman who saved his grandfather from the Holocaust. His companions on the journey are his translator Alex, and his driver, Alex’s grandfather. As guides go, they are something less than Virgil. Alex’s grandfather claims to be blind since his wife’s death, and his “seeing eye bitch”, Sammy Davis Jr. Jr., takes considerable amorous interest in Foer. As for Alex, he butchers the English language worse than an Orgo preceptor. This gives J. S. F., an excellent device to show off his comedic chops, and much of the book is laugh out loud funny. The following narrative of the fiction becomes important an question. “[If] we are to be such nomads with the truth,” Alex asks Jonathan, “why do we not make the story more premium than life?” It is an oddly fitting question in a year in which the Academy Award went to a movie that gave a white-washed, revisionist account of an historical life (and did so right on our campus). It is every artist’s right to alter the facts to best tell his story, but to alter them to make the story easier or more palatable is unethical and dangerous. It is true that “humorous is the only truthful way to tell a sad story,” it is also true that happy is the only untruthful way to tell one.

The Book of Antecedents was also the title of the novel in its senior thesis form. The current title is both an Alex-speak description of the book’s powerful ending and an allusion to Kundera’s riff on Eternal Recurrence in The Unbearable Lightness of Being: Let us therefore agree that the idea of eternal return implies a perspective from which things appear other than as we know them: they happen without the mitigating circumstance of their transitoriness. This mitigating circumstance prevents us from coming to a verdict. For how can we condemn something that is ephemeral, in transit?” In its sense of dissolution of dissolution, everything is illuminated by the guillotine.

Foer’s novel is everywhere tinged with this odd yearning for the pain of the past, the sense that, if only we could relive the tragedies of history we might learn their lessons better.